

LITERARY NOTES.

An edition of the stories and sketches of Edmund Quincy edited by his son, will soon be brought out by J. R. Osgood & Co. Mr. Quincy believed—and it was not an unreasonable belief—that descriptions of scenery and of the minutiae of places spoiled a story, and he used to say of his "Wendley" that he left them out of it as much as possible. Many a modern novelist might adopt Mr. Quincy's theory with advantage.

Only twenty copies of John Payne Collier's "Old Man's Diary" ever left the press. The book contains many interesting things. There are letters of Charles Lamb; one to J. Collier, sen.—"Mrs. Collier has been kind enough to say that you would endeavor to procure a reporter's situation for W. Hazlitt"; two from Thackeray to J. P. C., in one of which he requests Mr. Collier's influence in getting him appointed as correspondent at Constantinople for "The Morning Chronicle." It contains also a quip or two of Tom Moore's; a document by Lord Lytton; more than one of Tom Campbell's thoughts; six pages 4to from Maerdy, giving an account of his tour through the United States in 1844; a dispatch from Sir Walter Scott, dated August 27, 1831, in which he thanks Mr. Collier for his interesting volumes, and says: "I should long since have assured you of this (his thanks), but my medical friends, till late, have restricted me chiefly to vegetables and water in point of diet, and in my studies are not desirous I should go beyond 'Cinderella,' or the Little Glass Slipper." In this book will also be found a few notes from Charles Dickens, and an unpublished song of his, entitled "Sweet Besy Ogle."

A collection of Scotch poetry under the title of "Songs of the North" will soon be published in London. It is to be dedicated to Queen Victoria, and one of its editors is Miss Annie Macleod, daughter of the late chaplain of the Queen.

The leaf in the marriage register in Haworth Church on which is inscribed the name of Charlotte Bronte has so often handled by American travellers that it is falling to pieces.

The veritable monument of the veritable Will Cary of "Westward Ho!" is to be seen at Clavely Church. Upon it is written: "To the memory of Wm. Cary, who served his King and Country in the office of Justice of Peace under three princes, Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I., and having served his generation in the seventy-sixth year of his age, anno 1652."

A Chinaman, Colonel Tchang-ki-tong, who has lived ten years in Paris, has written and published in French a volume entitled "Les Chinois peints par eux-mes-mes." Among other queer Chinese customs which he defends is that of neglecting the education of women. He declares that women having been born perfect, science and letters can add to their charms.

The last half-yearly volume of "The Sanitary Engineer" has just been issued. It offers a store of suggestions to the householder and the mechanic.

IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOR.

AUGUST 4, 1884.
Look where the low procession,
Streams down the beach to town,
With faces browned and browned
Beneath sunburn halibut.

The throng of horses, mares,
With foals of the little ones, too,
And the beating of the drums!

There ride the gallant Gullies;
They found the lost and brought them
Safe on their homeward way;

The stout marines and lads
March, and the roar of ringing cheers,
Beneath the stripes and stars.

Burst for Bear and Thets,
Alert and warships too,

And the long, long drumming
A drummed in jackets blue!

Although no ho-hum cannon
Blew with its angry roar,

The show's through the thousand bands
Sent from the drum's shore.

Never a note of music,
Never a kiss,

Lived from the music curtain,

From safer seas than ths;

Never a song drawn triumph,
Never a drum, a bugle, a fife,

Never a band for the lonely human
On a gloomy day.

Look where they stand the heroes,
Clad in their white or blue;

God's in their right, and the world's at their feet;

Eyes of Death, eyes of love,

They that advanced for morning

All through the Arctic night,
Hearts that have banded for the land

They never slept a night!

Gratefully the strong and steady hand
Brought us the battle of fortunes
Of that dear old band;

Brave men, a gallant sergeant,
All the others, all the others there,

Under the old dear flag, aye,

Breathing the sweet home air.

Yonder, over the waters,
Themselves I miles away,

The swish Arctic sea look down
All the way to the sun;

There, where the cones of heroes,
Of those that came no back,

Soared like a solemn prayer to Heaven

Up from the icy track.

Many there were that in them,
The world's a small place,

Climbing with fainting foot-eps
To that festive door—

Barbets, and Hall, and Hudson,
And the others, all the others,

Under arctic skies

Or red, and white, and blue.

Take them, O mighty nation,
Queen of the tecum W. S.

Close them, with tears and laughter,
Joy and pain, and tears and tears;

These are our own true sons;

Brothers and sisters dear,

And the others, all the others there,

Under the old dear flag, aye,

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